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COLUMBIA
OR THE
FUTURE OF CANADA

By
GEORGE GODWIN

Columbia says plainly, and for the first time openly, what many Canadians whisper furtively in private and deny vociferously in public: that the Dominion is swiftly undergoing a process of Americanization that must lead to the absorption into the United States. This is a plea for the despised producer, whether of Eastern Europe or the West, despised as an indictment of nations who batten upon the country, placing high dividends before high ideals.

For a counterblast to this book, read *Achates*, by W. Eric Harris, in the same series.



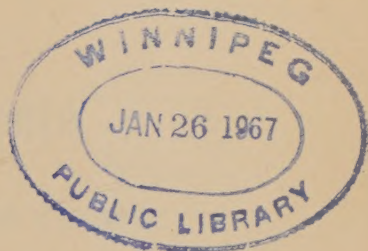
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COLUMBIA
OR
THE FUTURE OF CANADA

TO DAY AND TO MORROW

*For a full list of this Series see the end
of this Book*

COLUMBIA

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THE FUTURE OF CANADA

BY

GEORGE GODWIN

Author of *Cain*

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CENTRAL

“He gave it as his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.”—*Swift*.

"The individual who seeks changes from existing conditions, who would divide Canada into a dual State, or a Heptarchy, or who seeks annexation, is, it seems to me, called upon to justify his position."—*The Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada.*

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A mother whose emigrant son returns after many years finds herself gazing upon a stranger; the boy who sailed away, to live on in her heart, has vanished, and in his place stands one who at best but wakes echoes of the past in the maternal breast. Her son has been taken from the old mould while still malleable, and shaped in a new: the result is disconcerting.

A widely-scattered Empire the bulk of whose White population is concentrated in the Mother Country is apt to suffer a like experience; for daughter colonies grow into self-reliant Dominions, Dominions into proud and self-assertive nations.

But if individual emigrants return, colonies, separated from the Mother Land by wide oceans, remain remote.

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In England there is a widespread belief in an aggressively British Canada. Arm-chair Imperialists, for whom the Empire is a map to admire and a flag to wag, hold by this belief as they hold by the Athanasian Creed : it is part of that larger faith which affirms the indissolubility of the British Empire, and what justification it may have only time can tell. We can only gauge the probabilities by the past which swallowed Babylon, Greece, Egypt and Rome.

The truth is, Canada has long since become Americanized. As for the British Empire, the Imperial Conference of 1926 was the accouchement of its successor—the British Commonwealth of Free Nations. The Imperial Parliament abrogated its proud title and accepted the principle of equality with the Parliaments of the Dominions.

Canada, by the logic of geographical, racial and economic affinity, forms a natural and indivisible part of a single American Commonwealth. Inclination, tradition and a legal fiction are the bonds that unite her to Mother England. How slender—or powerful—those bonds ; how weak—or potent—the forces that bear

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upon them, are factors to be considered and estimated.

All that separates Canada from the United States is four thousand miles of International Boundary along the 49th Parallel that, like a sword-slash across the face of the Continent, severs great lakes, vast forests, sweeping prairies and gigantic mountains.

The United States may fairly be likened to the body, Canada to the limb, the International Boundary to a tourniquet—inconvenient to the one, strangling to the other.

This unnatural severance imposed upon Canada the Sisyphean task of forcing her development against the logic of geographic fact, and substituted for a natural union with an immensely more powerful neighbour State allegiance to a Power separated from her by three thousand miles of blue water, united to her by ancient traditions, self-interest, but no greater racial affinity than that which she shares with her southern neighbour. The first Canadians were Americans. The first Americans were British colonists.

The geographical factor is fundamental, for the Dominion is not, as so many

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armchair Imperialists suppose, a single geographical entity. Like Gaul of old, Canada is divided roughly into three parts, each separated from the other by formidable natural barriers of wilderness or mountain range.¹

Those trappers and traders of old Quebec and Ontario were not greatly concerned with a fabled Far West, simply because between them and the Manitoba of to-day a vast No-Man's-Land, swampy and desolate, raised the spikes of its stunted timbers and spread quagmires for the feet of the unwary. Their natural outlet was New England to the south.

Those hardy pioneers, who made the great sunward trek in weary cavalcade of prairie schooners, returned this compliment of indifference. The long journey made, distance and hardship overcome, Quebec and Ontario receded to become as remote as Baghdad.

But, an easy distance south, were Minnesota, Dakota, Montana.

¹ This division excludes the Maritimes. The whole country is divided geologically, into five parts: Cordilleran, Continental Plain, Canadian Shield, Lowlands of St. Lawrence, and Appalachian Region. See *Canada Year Book*, 1926, p. 5 ff.

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As for the old neglected and abused Crown Colony, British Columbia, range upon range of insuperable mountains barred her path to the East; while Washington Territory and Oregon were next door and California but a friendly cruise away. For British Columbians, then, the prairie was *terra incognita*, a fabled land of which the Red Man told tales, for they had never seen, nor on British territory could they penetrate to, the rolling plains that sweep a thousand miles across the continent to wash about the feet of the Rocky Mountains. They had come West by way of Panama or round Cape Horn.

This unnatural geographical divorce of Canada from the United States involved her in the Gargantuan task of linking up these three great territories by railroad. The story of how she did so is an epic of inspired heroes. It is also a record of financial chicanery and corruption.

Forty-three years ago the prairies were harnessed and the mountains mastered. Canada had her first transcontinental railroad, from Montreal to Vancouver, and great were the jubilations of the speculators and glowing the prophecies

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of the seers. For Canada, this land of many mansions, bigger than the United States, than Australia, than India, and thirty-one times as big as the United Kingdom, was now ready to receive her guests.

Forty-three years have passed and the chromatic splendours of that dream have faded into a drab reality. Save for the narrow cultivated belt that marches with her railway systems across the prairies, her 358,162,190 acres of agricultural land awaits still the plough of the pioneer ;¹ her stupendous reserves of timber, some four hundred thousand square miles in area, hear only at their fringes the clang of the lumberman's axe ; her soil that is the covering mantle of gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, coal and sodium, has only here and there been rent by the dynamite of the miner.

This El Dorado, so lavishly endowed, whose mighty waterways spend on their swift tides the wasted energies of forty

¹ ' Occupied ' land, 140,887,903 acres.
Improved land, 70,769,548 acres.

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million unharnessed horse-power,¹ is, indeed, a house of many mansions: but they are largely untenanted mansions. It is the paramount factor which must inevitably govern Canada's political action in the near future.

The Dominion of Canada is suffering from population starvation. She is fighting geography. And, so far, the tide of battle goes against her.

Empty Canaan.

After sixty-one years as a self-governing Dominion, after vast expenditure on immigration propaganda that has covered a multitude of blunders, Canada, with its 3,690,000 square miles, has to-day a mere nine million people.

The southern half of the Continent meanwhile swells like a loaf of leavened bread; its population is one hundred and twenty-one millions, and every five years it increases by a number equal to Canada's present total population.

¹ Water-power resources available for turbine installation: 41,700,000 h.p. Turbine installation: 10.9 per cent. of the above.

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Why, while the United States is hard put to it to regulate the clamouring hordes who seek admission, is Canada a mendicant throughout the world in search of men? Why are her cities faced with the problem of seasonal unemployment,¹ while the United States revolts a tax-stricken Europe with an opulence that gives her very bricklayers motor-cars? Why are so many of her farms mortgage-burdened or abandoned; her industries dependent upon American dollars?

The answer is: Canada is paralyzed for want of population, while half a hundred political physicians are prescribing as many remedies.

Canada presents her population problem to the world as one of securing in large numbers "the man in the sheep-skin coat with the big, broad wife", as Sir Clifford Sifton has put it; that is, the man, British, Scandinavian, Polish, Russian or of any other European strain, who will go on the land and make it productive. For Canada is an agricultural

¹ Unemployment (1926). 542,469 registered with the Employment Service in that year, 75.6 being returned as 'replaced.'

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country, the potential granary of the world.

The problem, however, is not so simple as all that. It is, in fact, threefold: to attract immigrants until the point is reached when the country presents a balanced economic unit; to keep such immigrants as do now enter the country; *and to halt the exodus of her own people into the United States.*

In the last five years for which there are official returns, 1923-1927, over eleven million dollars have been expended on attracting immigrants. The result is scarcely commensurate with the effort put forth, for the population of the Dominion has not quite maintained its balance during that period. In other words, more people have left the country than entered it.¹

Since Canada, with her vast areas of potential grain-bearing land, is demonstrably first and foremost an agricultural

¹ Immigration into Canada	573,864	} 1923-1927.
From Canada to U.S.A.	591,121	
Cost of Immigration	\$11,896,962	

Canadian statisticians do not accept without criticism the American figures. There is, moreover, a homeward drift.

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country, her need is obviously of willing men physically capable of doing that work. By this test the European peasant settler reveals himself as a highly desirable type with the greatest survival value where conditions are worst. He presents, however, the problem of assimilability, his numbers, moreover, must play an important part in the evolution of the Canadian of to-morrow.

Eugenically, there may be something to be said for cross-breeding—the bug-a-boo of the numerous opponents of a large, racially-mixed population. “Even if the average Italian is more stupid than the average Swede,” said Professor J. B. S. Haldane, “the following fact may be still true: Genius of a certain type may be commoner among Italians than among Swedes, and as the result of the crossing of these two peoples a type in many ways finer than either may be produced.” The Ukrainian peasants, for example, are despised as racially inferior. Yet they have fifteen hundred years of pastoral life behind them, and were, until a century ago, well-educated—Czarist tyranny took their schools from them. The race-proud Canadian is apt to forget

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that in his own veins runs the blood of Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Hollander, and many other breeds. A Ukrainian prince was deemed worthy of the hand of a daughter of King Harold. However.

Of the 1,065,452 immigrants of British birth in the Dominion, only 369,724 are on the land, that is, 34.70 per cent.; while of the foreign population of 890,282 no less than 483,615, or 54.32 per cent. have withstood the heart-break conditions of life on the marginal lands where summer is short and winter long and Arctic in severity.

Yet the lesson implicit in these figures is so little taken to heart that the director for colonization of the Canadian National Railways recently propounded a scheme for the reservation of 75 per cent. of agricultural lands near the railway for Canadians and immigrants from the British Isles.

In a country where the admittedly ideal population distribution is 80 per cent. rural and 20 per cent. urban, the case for the admission of European peasants appears a very strong one.

What is there to be said against these land-hungry adventurers? A dreadful

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calendar of crime has been drawn up against them. They are disloyal, not assimilable, swell the slum population (for Canada has her slums), and have a low standard of living.

They certainly have a low standard of living : it is well for them and well for Canada that it is so. As for the charge of disloyalty, it has taken the form in the past of resistance to military service. But, as the Government discovered, the prospect of being captured and shot as traitors had no appeal to men whose Canadian nationalization papers could not be pleaded in excuse for taking the field against their kinsmen.

Yet lack of patriotism is not peculiar to the foreign-born Canadian. The voice of the anti-militarist was heard in Quebec, and it was a hundred-per-cent. Canadian who, charged with gross post-War profiteering (for one may be a patriot in time of peace) told the Government Cost of Living Committee : " Our mill was not built for the glory of God, but to make money for the shareholders."

As to the foreign immigrant's general undesirability, an Anglican cleric, giving evidence before the Parliamentary Com-

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mittee on Immigration, stigmatized these humble folk as a menace to the country. There is a type of patriot who can express himself only in terms of contempt for other nationals.

These hardy folk have every quality that should recommend them to the land of their adoption. They lack refinement, their standard of living is low, they can endure poverty, unremitting toil, intense cold, hunger. The women, even, work as they breed, like the yoked ox. But it was no European peasant from the Ukraine, but a Canadian of Norwegian extraction, who observed to the writer : " What is a woman but a sort of cow ? "

But the mentality of British Canadians who do not run mills for the glory of God, and of Anglican clerics who cast stones at humble foreign settlers for His glory, need not be taken as typical of Canadian opinion.

Mr Peterson, a Canadian of distinction, and, incidentally, an example of the European as Canadian citizen, since he is a Dane by birth, says this of these folk : " It is highly significant that these are practically the only class of people

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who have stayed with the job and succeeded in our drier prairie districts and on our bushlands.¹ If we conclude that we can afford to do without them, well and good, so long as we fully realize the cost."

The treatment meted out to the primitive-Christian Doukhobour sect—a type difficult to assimilate—is an example of political short-sightedness. These people, simple, virtuous and industrious, turned the wilderness into flowering gardens wherever they settled. That is the fundamental fact about them. But their manner of protesting against bureaucratic interference, their pathetic "Nude Parades", so outraged a country whose law prosecutes, and whose public opinion denounces the bather who would show himself in single-piece costume, that the Doukhobours were driven to join in the general exodus.

Economic security is more important to Canada than racial purity. And she cannot have both, any more than the United States could have had both.

¹ Notably true of the Ruthenian and Galician North-West Settlements, where there are a quarter of a million of the former.

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“ I have been in many Slav settlements,” said Mr H. A. Kennedy, “ including some of the poorest and most primitive, and marvelled at the perfection of cleanliness, neatness and general good order. You could eat your dinner off the floor. The conclusion to which I am forced, after weighing the whole body of evidence, is that these people can be reunited with us to our great advantage.”

What might be implied from the facts ? It is fairly obvious. The Canadian of to-morrow will probably approximate racially to the American of to-day, the resultant of catholic cross-breeding of many European strains ; will be, in short, like the Anglo-Saxon, a matured mongrel—and with some of that strain in him, too.¹

So long ago as 1890, General Walker observed that in the preceding forty years a fundamental change had taken place amounting “ not to a reinforcement

¹ Of the total population (1921) 77.75 per cent. are Canadian born ; 12.12 British born ; 4.25 U.S.A. born ; 5.88 other foreign born. In 1871 the Canadian born element represented 83.04 per cent. of the population ; non-American foreign born, a mere 0.87 per cent.

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of the population, but to a replacement of native by foreign stock."

It still goes on.

Canada's future will ultimately be decided by her people, and the majority of those people in fifty years, with the exception of an all-French Quebec and a threatened all-Yellow British Columbia, will be of mixed cosmopolitan descent.

So much for the immigrant upon whose labours Canada's future is to be firmly founded. What of the other aspect of her population problem—that great exodus of both native-born sons and foreign immigrants into the United States?

To-day, Canada is finding it as difficult to persuade her own people to stay in the country as she is to get immigrants from overseas. It is a galling fact.

"Where are the millions of people who have come into the country during the last few years?" plaintively asked the leader of the Conservative Party. "In the front door and out at the back", he added, answering his own pertinent question.

Seven years ago, only 6.6 per cent. of the foreign population of the United States was Canadian. Since then, on the

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authority of Sir Robert Falconer, Principal of Toronto University, some two million Canadians have streamed over the border and settled permanently in America.

This figure represents slightly less than half the natural increase of Canada's population over the same period.

Canada keeps official records only of those who enter her gates : she was, until quite recently, silent upon the subject of those who leave by the back door. But official figures are available from American sources.¹ They show that there are 1,300,000 native-born Canadians domiciled in the United States (1920). Add the two millions referred to by Sir Robert Falconer, and one arrives at a grand total of a United States domiciled Canadian population equivalent to a third of her total population. It is not surprising to learn that Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles and many New England towns are Canadian colonies. Unhappily for Canada, it is too often the best type of Canadian who leaves home for America or Europe.

Why do Canadians leave their native

¹ Not accepted by Canadian statisticians.

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land for America? They go to America to earn their livings, to make money, to enjoy life in a "foreign" country whose social and business customs, language and institutions closely resemble, where they are not identical with, their own. "The Americans may say with truth," wrote Goldwin Smith, "that if they do not annex Canada they are annexing Canadians." As for the foreigner, he goes because he has heard that there is much money and work for all. It is a strange phenomenon, this, of the Israelites departing from Canaan.

Gullible In Search of Cockayne.

Canada is the land of hope for millions in Europe. But the Canada towards which these yearning eyes are turned is the Dominion of the shipping agents, a roseate land of standing gold crops, fat cattle and opulent homesteads. Only the art of modern advertising and cupidity have made possible the mirage of this fabulous Cockayne in search of which so many Gullibles have fared forth.

It is one thing, however, to catch your immigrant, another to keep him, to induce

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him to tolerate hardship, isolation and extremes of climate.

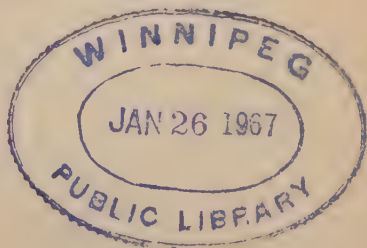
In 1874, when conditions were warranted to test the courage of the toughest of pioneers, of the 1,376 quarter-sections occupied, 889 were abandoned. That was not so bad, for life then was indeed stark. In 1926, at the zenith of the era of art-advertising, of the 4,685 quarter-sections occupied, 3,400 were cancelled. In the three years 1924-1926, of 1,870 land grants to returned soldiers, with the most paternal of governmental assistance (for Canada set the world an example in generosity to her returned soldiers) all but 115 have been cancelled.

Dominion loans totalling \$107,812,933 have successfully placed 30,990 ex-service men on the land since the inception of the scheme in 1919.

Let us go to a Canadian for a picture of what life on the remote prairie farms is like.

"The farm-hand rises from his slumbers at 5 a.m. and does the chores (odd jobs). He has breakfast at 6.30. His team goes out to work at 7, more chores at noon; steady work until 6 p.m., then supper and more chores. When the day ends he has

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probably worked fourteen to sixteen hours. He frequently sleeps in a loft. He has inadequate facilities for keeping himself clean. It is the life of a serf. No recreation, no time for self-improvement, while his wages are probably inferior to what the city labourer is able to command.”¹

A ‘grouch’ from a disgruntled failure? Not a bit of it: a little pen-picture by a very successful capitalist farmer. Yet it is incomplete, for it omits a reference to Canada’s curse—the prairie climate.²

There is another picture: that of the farmer’s wife, who combines in her work-warped body the functions of wife, mother, cook, baker, laundress, milkmaid and domestic slave. Her day starts at 5 and continues until after the kerosene lamp has been lit, an unremitting round of soul-destroying menial work. She has little or no social life, no outlet for her womanly instincts; and soon her womanly grace and beauty fade, her body becomes bent and marred by excessive toil, her mind dulled and sodden, her spirit broken.

¹ Mr. C. W. Peterson.

² Winter readings at the Prairie Provinces Meteorological Stations record temperatures ranging from 10° to 77° below Zero (F).

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But true, perhaps, only of the remote marginal lands? Let us see.

Oxford County, Ontario, is a well-settled district, a good dairy county. Taking a survey on this county, Professor Leitch found that 450 dairy farmers were making just under \$1,200 a year—say, £240—working thirteen hours a day, seven days a week, including the labour of their wives and families.

Let the rheumatic Norfolk farm-hand, eating his bread and lard of a free-born Englishman, take heart of grace : things might be worse with him.

From Ontario to Alberta, Canadian farmers tell the same tale of woe : the British urban immigrant is no good, he will not stick to the land unless he is near a town—he drifts back to the city. It is true enough. It is because he is not the right type for the job. The Three Thousand Family scheme, whereby carefully selected rural families have been placed on the land, has resulted in a very respectable percentage of successes. These people are peasants : and none finer. It is here that the decried low standard of living of the despised peasant from Central Europe or elsewhere comes in.

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"I go into court," wrote a Canadian judge recently, "to sentence two lads, one from Halifax, England, one from Glasgow, for theft. They were enticed out here by the shipping agents of the Canadian railways company. They paid about \$100 to these shipping agents who got their rake-off and the rest goes into the coffers of the railway company. These poor dupes, who are being enticed into Canada on false and misleading promises are victims of railway company cupidity. Reduced to starvation, these lads lifted a rifle to sell and get food. They must be sent to prison."

Poor Gullibles in search of Cockayne !

To-day, the railways, directly or indirectly, are paid to ship the immigrant across the Atlantic, to transport him and his belongings to his destination, to bring to the nearest railway depot the lumber for his one-room shack, the machinery for his work on the land. Sometimes—when he has capital—he pays the railway company for the land he hopes to make productive ; and, in due course, he pays it to ship his grain (if any) to the elevator. And, finally, he

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pays it once more to transport him back to the nearest city where, if he has the wherewithal, which is unlikely, he may pay it to entertain him in one of its luxurious hotels.

Gullible has other troubles besides those incidental to a soul-destroying isolation from his fellows ; a merciless climate that nips his wheat in late summer and freezes his nose and cheeks a few weeks later ; and lack of working capital. For if he must, perforce, fight grim nature throughout the year, he has also to combat the predatory activities of his urban fellow-man, the middle-man, the milling combines, the gamblers in wheat ' futures '.

Why is the cost of living so high in this pre-eminently agricultural country that produces far more food than it consumes ? An investigator, curious to unravel this mystery, recently tracked from its native patch to the hands of the ultimate consumer a humble cauliflower. It passed from the Canadian farmer who grew it at the price of 45 cents per barrel. It was bought by a housewife at 25 cents apiece. There are a good many cauliflowers to the barrel.

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Who reaped the iniquitous profits between swindled producer and swindled consumer? The answer is: the parasite horde of middle-men whose greed and dishonesty, unchecked by law, has in the past taken a fearful annual toll of ruined farmers and abandoned holdings.

These non-producing harpies, who regard their exorbitant commission charges as a prior lien on all produce handled by them, have been known to demand from the poor producer more than the total received on the market for the produce. Gullible, after months of labour, after breaking or clearing his land, after cultivating it, growing and packing and shipping his produce, receives sometimes in exchange a produce-broker's debit note.

Patient, and not easily beaten, Gullible valiantly set about fighting for a fair price for the fruits of his blood and sweat. He attempted to apply co-operative methods in handling and marketing his stuff. Hitherto, he had stood by, a forced seller of autumn wheat on a glutted market, taking whatever he could get for his crop. Meanwhile, in the solitude of his remote shack, he was free to read

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his Winnipeg newspaper and to get such cold comfort as might be from its sensational accounts of the big boom on the Grain Exchange. Little wonder he viewed with dark suspicion those men who amassed fortunes on the Exchange—margin traders, merchants in May futures.

The inquiring visitor to Winnipeg a century hence will probably see set up in a place of honour the statue of one Aaron Sapiro, citizen of the United States, and the first man to tell our Gullible what a fool he was. Sapiro tried to make the farmers understand that, combined from Manitoba to Alberta, they could secure a monopolist price for their grain. He had already organized the fruit growers of California : he showed Gullible the way. Slowly, and laboriously, for they were crippled for want of capital and opposed by the parasites, the prairie grain-growers launched the first attack on this great conspiracy against their existence.

Twenty years ago the United Grain Growers, Ltd, the first concerted move by the farmers to circumvent their exploiters, was inaugurated. In the first year some two million bushels were

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handled co-operatively: in 1925 over thirty million bushels were handled by this organization and a profit made of \$418,574.

The rise of the Pool system of marketing is the most striking phenomenon in Canada to-day. Over two hundred million bushels of grain were transported and marketed at a cost of one-fifth of a cent per bushel to the producer. As an example of how the middle-man may be eliminated it caused consternation among those who preach the survival of the slickest.

Quebec has handled the problem in another way. The Co-operative People's Banks—*Les Caisses Populaires*—differ fundamentally from ordinary banks in that they lend only to further production—land, implements, stock, seed. They do no business with the Exchange gamblers who deal in the produce of the workers and grow rich thereby.

Gullible, then, is learning: but Cockayne is still some distance off.¹

The Hon. Robert Forke, Dominion

¹ 65 per cent. of Canada's farmers are in debt; 15 per cent. are rated 'ordinary commercial risk'; 20 per cent. are able to pay cash.

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Minister of Immigration, and, presumably, a harassed individual, plaintively asks : " When is this trek from the country to the city going to stop ? "

The man who can find the right answer to that question can solve Canada's most inscrutable riddle.

" No country will long remain permanently great whose roots are not planted in the soil." In this dictum of the Minister, Gullible concurs.

It revives his hopes, apt at times to flag, of ultimate victory.

Sunrise In The West.

Sorely beset by her three-fold problem of attracting and keeping a White immigrant population and of halting the exodus of her own people into the United States, Canada turns to the West to behold in consternation the Rising Sun-emblazoned banner of Japan.

Fifteen years or so ago the Japanese of Vancouver kept to their Quarter ; it was a biggish Quarter and the pedestrian had to walk warily if he would not trample the teeming Yellow children that scampered over the side-walks. To-day, your

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prosperous British Columbian Japanese lives sumptuously in the best residential parts of the city; and his westernized children go to a Canadian school in the family six-cylinder American car.

All along the great Fraser Valley White settlers have cleared the land and farmed it since the days when the Sappers cleft a highway through the standing timber. They supplied the coastal towns, New Westminster, the old capital, growing Vancouver. That is, when they could compete with the farmers of Oregon and Washington, which was not always. British Columbia remains to this day a big importer of foodstuffs.

Take train to-day through this fertile valley from Vancouver to Agassiz and observe the wayside depots. They are mostly Yellow men who handle the crates of fowls, eggs, and mixed-farming produce. Ask why the White farmer has quit and you will be told that he cannot compete with the Japanese. "He lives on rice costing a few cents a day, and he works fourteen hours a day," he will explain.

Not so many years ago the Fraser was the world's greatest salmon river. It is

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still very important. To-day, Steveson, the Yarmouth of British Columbia, the oldest fishing settlement in the West, is a Japanese town, Japanese schools, hospital, doctor, dentist, nurses. The salmon fisheries are run by the Japanese : the White fisherman has retired before their fleets of barking motor boats.

In Vancouver and other cities and towns, the Japanese are sharing honours with the Chinese in the capture of trades. They are ousting the White man from the market-gardening industry, and such trades as greengrocery, poultering, laundering, catering, etc., while every fourth labourer in the great lumber industry of the Province is a Japanese.

In the first quarter of the century 83,884 Orientals were admitted to western Canada, of which, it may be added, a mere handful—some 5,489—were British subjects from India. How many Yellow men are there in this vast, fertile and immensely rich Province to-day? Nobody knows. Statistics become useless in the face of Oriental cunning. All that is known for certain is that the Japanese birth-rate is more than double that of the White population. *All that is certain*

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is that, with an imperfect count of the Oriental equation, in the last ten years the ratio of Japanese to Whites has changed from 1 in 253, to 1 in 13.

Your Japanese has rooted objections to birth-registration and to birth-control.¹

The case against both Chinese and Japanese in Canada is unanswerable. But what can Canada do? The Provincial Legislature of British Columbia, now belatedly alarmed, has tried to pass three separate Bills to exclude the Japanese. But Canada is part of the British Empire : all three measures were deemed to be *ultra vires* and contrary to the terms of Imperial Treaties with the Empire of Japan.

Suave and smiling, the little Japanese charms those who deal with him once ; but he disenchants those who deal twice with him. His word is worthless : his wares a fraud. He has spilled out of an Island Empire where there are 383 souls to the square mile, compared with the 30 to the square mile in the United

¹ Recently, the Provincial Board of Health's Vital Statistics Department stated that the Japanese dodge birth-registration whenever deception is possible.

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States and the meagre two in Canada. He envisages a New Japan, and gazing back across the Pacific, he beckons to his countrymen as one who has discovered a new and empty land flowing with milk and honey.

"I hope that when you go to Tokio as Canadian Ambassador," said Mr W. G. McQuarrie, M.P., for New Westminster, addressing himself to the Ambassador-elect in the Dominion House, "that you will assure the Japanese Government that we have a great admiration for the Oriental, provided, of course, that he stays in his own country. All that we demand in British Columbia is that the Oriental be kept out."

The Chinaman presents another angle of the problem. He is hard-working, honest and inoffensive. His ambition is to amass money and return to the Celestial Land of his ancestors. He is in Canada for the same reason that there are men in the Klondyke: it is an evil to be endured for possible gold. The periodic sailing of the "Coffin ships" indicate that so utterly incapable of assimilation is the Chinaman, and so abhorrent to him all non-Chinese lands

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and peoples, that he will not suffer even his bones to rot on Canadian soil.

Now and again the Chinaman's love of gambling and his Oriental insight into the head beneath the policeman's helmet, provide, from time to time, all the fast fun of public municipal probes. In this way he assists in preserving the purity of public life by applying the acid test of bribery to the incorruptibility of servants and masters.

The Chinaman could not, even if he would, be assimilated. The Japanese cannot, either. But he is not in Canada as a visitor; he has come to stay. Ultimately two conflicting civilizations will have to settle the matter of which is to survive: White or Yellow.

The steady stream of Orientals into Canada started after the Russo-Japanese War. The influx of Japanese became so marked that the Government persuaded Japan to agree to a limited immigration. Knowing perfectly well that the whole Pacific Slope would be theirs if they played their cards well, the Japanese agreed. For a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Nearly half a century ago, to restrict Chinese immigration, a Poll

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tax was imposed. It has been steadily raised. In 1923, immigration was limited to the merchant and student classes. The Chinese remain as a minor problem, a type of locust, renting their farmlands, robbing the soil by intensive cultivation, passing the impoverished lands to the unsophisticated White newcomer.

There are, it is true, a good number of Chinese slaves in British Columbia, but that scandal has been checked. Chinese slave labour in the Dominion? Yes: just that.

The imposition of a Poll tax that started at \$50 and rose to \$500 was deemed sufficient check upon the immigration of the coolie class of impoverished and over-populated China (6,000 to the square mile). But the wiseacres who prided themselves that they had hit upon a neat way of barring the Chinaman without causing international complications, reckoned without the subtlety of the East. To-day some of the richest men in British Columbia are Chinese. Frugal, clever, patient, industrious and long-sighted, and with a reputation for honourable dealing, they have prospered exceedingly. In the

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Poll tax they saw their opportunity. The resident merchant, trader, what-not, put up the Poll tax for the ignorant, penniless new arrival whose transport he had arranged. The newcomer on landing became the indentured slave of a merchant master.

Much of the unskilled labour of the teeming Chinese Quarters of British Columbian cities and towns is performed by these slaves who must labour longer for their taskmasters to liquidate their indebtedness than Jacob laboured for his Rachel. The system is now illegal, and any coolie can apply to the courts for his release: that is, if he knows of his right, which may be doubted, or, knowing it, is willing to risk the anger of those secret and sinister societies, the *Tongs*, whose methods are bloody and direct.

There remains the poor East Indian, a British subject; he, too, would seek escape from penury and occasional famine. It is one of the many dilemmas that face Empire statesmen, this of squaring the right of a British subject to move freely about the Empire with that of each self-governing Dominion to admit or exclude whom it pleases. And it cannot be done.

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As always happens in such cases, the issue in this was evaded by the only means possible: an artificial solution. Orders in Council restricted East Indian immigration into Canada to those who sailed direct from their home ports. And as the port for Vancouver happens to be Hong Kong, the East Indian found the West barred to him. He did not like it at all. He claimed admission as of right. It was denied him. He retorted by blowing up a few houses to indicate his opinion of British fair-play, and, hurling every loose object from the decks of the "*Komagata Maru*" on to the heads of the immigration officers alongside, sailed back once more to India.

There are plenty of Chinese and Japanese women in British Columbia: but no East Indian women. They are barred. The alien Oriental is allowed his women-folk: but not the British subject, the presumption being, apparently, that the East Indian has no imperative sex needs. The records of the criminal courts of the Province indicate otherwise.

Chinese, Japanese and East Indian, alike, introduce into Canada a colour

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problem more complex than the Negro problem of the United States. They speak alien tongues, have habits of frugality intolerable to the White man, while their several standards of morality are at variance with the White man's. There can be no cultural or racial assimilation; their presence results in a racial stratification that is inimical to the country's welfare. And upon these hard facts Canada has begun to do some clear thinking.

How did it happen that so vast and so vital a racial problem was allowed to drift? The explanation is to be found partly in the geographical factor—British Columbia being a remote and inaccessible region—partly in the labour problem which in the early days these people helped to solve; partly because while Canada boggled at the admission of easily-assimilated White immigrants, the Yellow tide was rising, unnoticed and unheeded.

It is too late now to undo the mischief. In the quite near future, barring a policy of expulsion that would inevitably involve an armed protest from imperialistic Japan, British Columbia is lost to the

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White race and is destined to become a New Japan. It will take a united North American States to solve this problem.

Hail Columbia !

As the new Canadian approximates more and more to the amorphous mass of America's hybrid population, the Canadian of British descent approximates more and more to his American brother in whom the same racial strains are predominant.

He speaks American, using the same idiom, slang, and bastard words ; and his accent and nasal tones are not easily distinguishable from pure American. He is educated at schools run on American lines and stocked with many American text-books. He goes to a university that has abandoned the ideal of a cultural education for one purely vocational, again following the American pattern. From these universities proceed the unending streams of lawyers, doctors, engineers and other white-collar men for whom the Dominion has no use whatsoever, having more than sufficient already.

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He plays baseball, America's national game ; wears clothes of New York cut ; lives—very wisely—in a house of American architecture, in a city laid out on the efficient, but soul-destroying American geometrical plan ; uses the same coinage, weights and measures. If he farms, it is as likely as not with American machinery ; but this is not often, for he prefers city life and such attractions as ' pink teas ', and those mutual admiration coteries that effect the literary and artistic. If he manufactures, it is with American machinery, and, as often as not, with American capital. He spends \$7,000,000 a year on American newspapers, and sees the world very largely through American spectacles, being served by American news-syndicating agencies. He laughs, as they do in England, at American humour served up in the newspaper comic strip. In his cinemas, American owned from one end of the Dominion to the other, he sees Hollywood films and no others. In his theatres, where American stock companies play American plays, he sees the mirror of American life.

He reads American fiction because Canada has so far produced only the

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Muscular-Christianity School *à la* Ralph Connor and a handful of third-rate Cowboy-Cum-Sourdough novelists.

It may, or it may not be true, as Henry James asserted, that the flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep, that it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, that it needs a complex social machine to set a writer in motion. But that Canada has produced only one great novel, the *Maria Chapdelaine* of the French immigrant, Louis Hemon, remains the fact. But it is no reproach to Canada that she is sterile in the field of literature as she is of art. She needs navvies, not novelists, agriculturalists, not artists, ploughmen, not poets.

But to resume. His labour unions, though not numerically strong, are run and controlled by American labour federations, and his strikes, of which he has plenty, are engineered from American headquarters. His religion has annexed Fundamentalism, Sensationalism, and such quaint American cults as the Holy Rollers, Latter Day Saints, Four-Square Gospelers, Twice-born Men, Rutherfordites, Campbellites and many others, each with its monopoly of truth and private word in the ear of God.

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He has even been captured by the American passion for childish fraternities such as the Kiwanis, Rotarians, Elks, Buffaloes, Holy Shriners and similar frivolous organizations devoted to eating, drinking, talking, masquerading and the cult of the lapel button.¹

Yet, withal, to-day your Canadian is a perfervid Nationalist as never before ; and his New York-dressed wife and daughters, sisters and aunts, are even more so. Even in his vocal admiration of his country he reveals yet again the ubiquity of that relentless process of Americanization that he is at such pains to deny. Steadily, more and more, he approximates to friend Babbitt of Zenith City. The American of Hawthorne, Emerson, Whitman and the rest has little appeal for him : he has assimilated

¹ " We are learning to like the American craze for the spectacular, the bizarre, and are adopting, too, their peculiar craze for organizing themselves in bodies of one kind or another to do something or other which is not always apparent." *Stand To Your Work*, by W. Eric Harris, a Canadian writer, who devotes Chapter XII of the above work to a denigration of all things American.

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much that is second rate in modern America.

So universal is this Americanization of Canada to-day that a Canadian in Buffalo, Boston or New York is as much at home as a Manchester man in Sheffield. It is only when he visits the metropolis of the Empire that he gets the thrill of foreign travel, where language, manners, customs, fashions and the rest are charming because so un-Canadian: which is to say, un-American.

Against this universal Americanization of Canada, Quebec, larger than France, Germany and Italy put together, raises the ramparts of religious and racial integrity. For what is she but a living limb lopped off from a long-since-dead eighteenth century French Kingdom? Quebec is intellectually stunted, but powerful because of her homogeneity. She is Catholic, backward, reactionary; prolific, proud, whole.

Since the Quebec Act she has been secured in her religion, her beloved language and her French Civil Law. But only in her own Province. Side by side, French Canada and British Canada have settled down to a marriage of

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convenience, in the temper of people who must, perforce, suffer an uncongenial propinquity. But beneath the surface, like a dry and smouldering cedar beneath the forest floor, burn still old resentments rooted in racial antipathy, religious animosity and intolerance.

If English-speaking Canada is fiercely Canadian to-day, Quebec is as fiercely Quebec. She has never worked up any enthusiasm for the Empire. She did not come into the War: she was pushed, reluctant and protesting.¹ That a few ardent spirits upon whom had descended the mantle of Lafayette took up a cause that in no way concerned them, is neither here nor there.² The bulk of her soldiers were resentful conscripts; but, be it added, with a cast-iron case. It was not their affair, and they said so. French

¹ *Canada's War Contribution.*

Enlisted :	594,441.	War expenditure :
\$1,050,000,000.		
Overseas :	418,052.	Annual Pensions :
\$76,000,000.		

² Lafayette, the revolution-acolyte, crossed the Atlantic to take up arms against Britain in the War of Independence. He wooed French Canada, but without success.

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Canada, being Latin and logical, saw clearly that there could be no *quid pro quo* for her sacrifice should the day dawn to find the grey silhouettes of American gunboats in the St Lawrence. Neither has she any enthusiasm for the succouring of a twentieth century Atheistic France that presumes to deride both her ancient patois and established and beloved religion.

The War definitely revealed the duality of Canada, French-speaking and English-speaking, and underlined the differences that will always divide them.

Two notable circumstances indicate the present trend of events in the French Province. Quebec, the prolific, with its world-record birth-rate, is not expanding West, where she complains that she is 'the outcast of confederation', her pioneers being sneered at as 'the half-breed members of a priest-ridden population'. She is migrating South, into New England. And for two reasons. First, because it is the geographically logical outlet for her younger people who, in ever-increasing numbers, are migrating into the United States where work, good wages, and the allurements and amenities of American town life await them;

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secondly, because she has found (*mirabile dictu*) greater toleration in New England, with its great Irish Catholic community, for her religion and language than in the schools of Protestant Ontario and Manitoba.

To-day, there are 620,000 French Canadians in New England, and such towns as Haversville, Worcester, Lowell, and New Bradford, to mention a few colonized towns, are authentic offshoots of Old Quebec. In twenty years or so New England will be New Quebec, for as the French Canadian and other foreign elements come in to the industrialized New England, the old rural population withdraws to seek new land further West.

It is the younger generation that migrates. It leaves the life of the *habitant* with its toil upon a grudging land, its lifelong struggle against poverty and the rigours of a severe climate, for comfort, gaiety, and the garish pleasures of American town life.

Little wonder that these younger French Canadians hear no more the voice of Quebec: "Which was half a song of a woman and half a sermon of a priest ;

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that came like the sound of a bell, like a tender plaint; like the piercing and long-drawn cry by which woodsmen call to each other in the forest". The voice that said: "Three centuries ago we came here and here we remain. We carried overseas our prayers and our songs, they are forever the same. We bore in our breasts the heart of our country's men, valiant, vital, as prompt to pity as to laugh, a heart the most human of hearts. Round us strangers have come, whom we are wont to call barbarians; they have seized almost all the power; they have acquired almost all the money; but in the country of Quebec nothing has changed. Nothing will change, because we are a witness."¹

The voice of Quebec—a valiant boast: a pitiable confession.

Whatever the racial destiny of the rest of the Dominion, one thing seems sure: Quebec will remain French. She may slop over into New England—she is already doing so. But she could never be absorbed.

It may be said that Louisiana, once

¹ *Maria Chapdelaine*, by Louis Hemon.

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French, has been absorbed, Americanized, that New Orleans is a French city architecturally, but is inhabited by Americans. There is no true parallel: Louisiana in the old days had more Spanish and Italian inhabitants; it never had the solid block of an all-French Quebec.

American influences on Canadian life, language, manners and social customs, are but a few of the many factors that draw her nearer the inevitable overt act of union. With the rattle and the clamour of an invading mechanized army, America carries industrial warfare into the Dominion and there digs herself in. Her octopus-hold extends tentacles across the land from a gold-swollen belly that vomits the greedily-grabbed dollars which sustain the Dominion's money-hungry industries.

Already the United States hold just on a half share in stocks and bonds of Canadian enterprizes. In 1920 alone a billion of American money passed into the Dominion, while 26 per cent. of the total foreign loans of the world's greatest lender have been made to Canada.

According to the American banker, Henry Fisk, two and a half billions of

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United States money is invested in Canada ; \$1,200,000,000 in bonds, the balance in shares, farm mortgages, industries and businesses. What more natural, then, than the spectacle of the Canadian working for an American boss ? American money is cheap and plentiful. Canadian cities can borrow cheaper than the British Government. How far this flood of capital will influence Canadian independence is an interesting speculation. There is a world of difference between watering a garden and flooding it. There are to-day 374,000 Americans in the Dominion, mostly master men colonizing and developing the larger United States of to-morrow. They are in trade and industry and agriculture. The South of Alberta has attracted a breed of hard-bitten Yankee farmers, and the white domes of Mormon temples are a witness to the presence of 139,000 followers of Brigham Young, moneyed and scientific agriculturalists, they work and preach their latter-day Gospel.

There is not space to record how Canada has struggled to balance her trade ; she has tried preference, reciprocity, rebates and anti-dumping, and she continues,

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lashing about like one of her own fast-disappearing *Sockeye* salmon in the gill net of a Japanese fisherman.

Ontario is already a mere American annex. In one city alone near the border there are over a hundred American-owned industrial concerns in full blast. Why in Canada? Because in Canada they are able to enjoy trade arrangements made for Great Britain, to handle orders received by the parent organizations for the British market, to handle the Canadian markets on her own territory.

The visitor to Ojizway may see the great works of the Canadian Steel Corporation. Let him be not deceived. What he admires is a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. Mines, forests, mills and wholesale houses, are being annexed one by one by American financial interests. The great wood-pulp industry is already seventy-five per cent. American-owned, American-run. The Canadian motor industry is American-controlled, while American interests in the meat-packing, rubber, refined petroleum, condensed milk, electrical apparatus and many other industries are in the same case. Moreover, America has grasped

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the significance of Canada's vast hydro-electric resources and is engaged on carrying out big development schemes.

To-day Canadian Nationalism is merely a manifestation of her inferiority complex. The United States is rich and powerful : Canada has her way still to make.

Canada had to become Americanized or fossilized : she has probably chosen wisely ; but time would have made the choice necessity.

Lilliputs in Brobdingnag.

Old Canada's early history was written in blood and sweat with axe and sword by soldiers, adventurers and traders. Verrazano, Cartier, de Champlain, La Salle, the *coureurs de bois*, Radisson and des Grosvilliers, to name but a few, wrote those first glamorous chapters. They were men of action who lived a Saga. By the star of a mighty dream they steered, thrusting westward into the heart of a darkness made terrible by Iroquois and the devils of the Red Man who haunted mountains, lakes and forests.

The great names are mostly French, for the French visualized this new land

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as a greater and more glorious France : they were more concerned to transplant their culture, traditions, language and religion than they were to find fortunes in the fur trade. Not that these aspirations were considered incompatible with constant feuds with the English for that great trade.

About the time that Napoleon coined his contemptuous phrase, the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company were undisputed masters of the greater part of what is now western Canada—that vast territory west of Lake Superior that extended as far as they cared to push their trading posts. In those old trading pioneers the shopkeeping instinct was predominant : trade and the money it brings were their objectives. They drove away the man who would attempt to cultivate the land.

With the close of the War between the Colony and the United States, Canada was secured to Great Britain, and presently the British North America Act brought the Dominion into existence. It was followed by the purchase by the Crown for £300,000 of the Hudson's Bay Territory, now the prairie Provinces. It

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was a transaction that made Canada master of a realm of unknown extent and of incalculable potential wealth. But it was a far-flung domain, unpeopled, or with isolated pioneers, widely scattered. And it was dependent for transport on waterways frozen over for months in the year.

As an imperial unit, Canada had, perforce, to push her development westward, without reference to the geographic fact of the neighbouring United States. There was only one way to open up this territory for the pioneer: by means of a trans-continental railway. The gigantic undertaking bristled with well-nigh insuperable engineering problems, demanded vast capital expenditure, and called, in a young country, for first-class statesmanship and business ability. It was, as we know, accomplished; but the manner of its beginning, no less than the final terms upon which it was completed, left Canada impoverished and despoiled.

Seldom in modern times have leaders had so glorious an opportunity: seldom has so great a trust been so badly betrayed. Those old administrators had a virgin

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land upon which to grave the image of their quality. But they were small men, Lilliputians. They did not fail because of their smallness, or because of the magnitude of their task; nor did failure flow from penury. The story of the first years of railway construction is one made monotonous by corruption, abuse of public funds, of cut-throat party politics, of the sale of votes and purchase of offices under the Crown, and swindling that was sheer malversation. Such things always happen in new lands.

Believing implicitly in the prosperity that was to follow transportation development, it seemed a small matter to offer lavish terms to the railway builders. Sir John MacDonald even went so far as to claim that the railway would not cost the country a penny piece. He was wrong. It cost much, both in land and money.

Money was scarce, credits hard to secure in a New York market scared of this grandiose project that might become a menace to the transportation systems of the United States, on a London market either openly hostile or indifferent. But land was plentiful. So the cream of the

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Crown lands was alienated from the people and handed over to the railway syndicate and to rapacious land companies. The history of the chicanery of those great land deals has been written more than once. Enough to mention here the North West Land Company which acquired 2,200,000 acres of fine agricultural land adjacent to the building railroad, and to observe that its directorate interlocked with that of the railway syndicate.

Although common-sense dictated a policy of intensive settlement in order that there might be passengers and freight to carry, such prohibitive freight rates were levied by the company which had secured a twenty years' monopoly and total tax exemption, that the early settlers of Manitoba were driven from the land.

The trans-continental was to unite Canada, East and West: actually, it antagonized the two parts politically, and retarded the growth of the West. The West made valiant efforts to get a charter for another railroad, but without success. Then, as now, the Canadian Pacific Railway fell back on tourist traffic, and fought its competitors. Fear of American competition resulted in the

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preposterous government undertaking not to charter or permit to be chartered any lines between the Canadian line and the United States border.

These political blunders, all of which could have been avoided by the simple process of guaranteeing the dividends of the company's stock instead of handing over the land, divided Canada and left a permanent scar. But if the country's development was retarded, the new corporation had laid the foundations of vast riches. It had become master of 471,187,039 acres of Crown lands; it had received \$227,562,231 in hard cash.¹

In this way the Lilliputians mortgaged their to-morrows and drew the cash. It was no new idea: Mark Tapley contracted ague in Eden pondering it. Graft, upon which there is no tariff, had been imported from the United States with enthusiasm, and adopted as a national institution. More than once, land which was handed over to the railway company in exchange for the perpetual and efficient working of the system, and with the

¹ Texas gave the builders of its Capitol 3,000,000 acres of State lands. Present value: \$60,000,000.

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implied trust that it should be used for the good of the people to whom it rightly belongs, has been presented to shareholders as 'melons'. Issues of common stock at a fifth their market value have been made in place of low-interest bonds, a procedure that kept rates up and agricultural development checked.

The faithful still await undismayed the missing millions who are to transform the country into a great granary. Happy, if fatuous, optimists, proud to be known as 'boosters', speak of the 34,882 miles of railroad that have been built. They do not mention the debt and interest charges of the Canadian National Railways which have increased in the years 1919-1925 to \$738,605,399. They do not care to be reminded that there is not enough business for this vast transport system and won't be until Canada's population runs into thirty millions. They do not mention that ninety per cent. of the Canadian Pacific Railway Stock is held by investors beyond the Dominion. They do not mention that the Balance Sheet of the Dominion (1925) includes an item of \$1,526,679,864 for

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loans to the National Railways and Canals. After all this it seems indecent to mention a Grand Trunk in the hands of receivers, a defaulter on its securities.

These boosters are not interested in the 'knocker' who reminds them that until 1896 the railways were digging themselves in and that thereafter, with a Liberal Government in power pledged to a policy of 'the land for the people', honest, hearty party men continued to 'settle', but somehow always ended by unloading their land holdings on English 'suckers' at five hundred per cent. profit. It does not mean much to them that at the height of the big land boom the Hudson's Bay Company's profits from land sales had risen from \$48,225 in 1894 to over the million mark in 1910; that the Canadian Pacific Railway received over ten millions in the latter year.

It means nothing to them that this mammoth corporation has consistently held its richest lands for speculative purposes, pleading that it could not ask less than the private land companies owning contiguous lands; that it divided its energies between making Canada a land

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fit for tourists and selling at exorbitant prices to the 'man in the sheepskin coat' whenever he had the money to plank down.

It is nothing to them that the Inter-colonial Railway has cost the country \$62,729,000 in wasted money; that forty millions of British Columbia's taxpayer's money has been converted into an unfinished derelict Pacific Great Eastern, starting from nowhere in particular and heading in the same direction.

They do not care to hear that the British settler of some means, that victim of incorporated cupidity, can seldom find the capital to handle a quarter-section at 160 acres of railway owned property at \$17, the price asked for it in the boom year, 1919; nor yet \$13 the price asked for it to-day.

Such things are not mentioned among hearty boosters, who prefer the beatific vision of the coming millions who are to be transported by a subsidized ship-owning railway company from the slums of the British Isles to the enlivening tunes of Salvation Army bands.

Truly, as Joseph Howe has said, with the wisdom of one wise after the event,

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Canada should have owned her own railways. He might well have added that she should have owned her own soul.

But Canada is proud of her railway that to-day is, perhaps, one of the most efficient transport systems in the world. A reason, perhaps, for reminding her that it was built largely by Scots with English and American capital and foreign labour.

In the old days when settlers sneaked away from their bleak farms to annex a bit of the profits of the fur-trade monopolists, they were flogged and driven back to the plough. Maybe they deserved it : cupidity is a grievous sin in the poor. But for the speculators who then did so much to sow the seeds of Canada's present economic difficulties, there were no thongs, no gallows. They made money, and money does not smell.

This speculative fever, and the wholesale exploitation of rural land near growing communities, the hectic turn-over, from hour to hour, of urban lands at rocketing prices, is the simple explanation why much farming land is held for uneconomic prices, and land in the heart

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of cities like Vancouver and Winnipeg is more costly than land in Lombard street.

We have seen, on a blue-print, the City of Pittsburg, British Columbia; complete with residential, industrial and business quarters, town hall, public library, law courts and the rest. We have sought out Pittsburg, and found, browsing in mild contentment, its single inhabitant, a friendly Holstein cow, sole occupant of an otherwise empty meadow.

By such swindles, to stamp out which there has never been any attempt at drastic legislation, land values have been advanced a century ahead of the development necessary to justify them.

Too often it has been a case of swindling 'the man in the sheepskin coat' over the price of his land, over the produce he raises upon it, the machinery he uses for that production, and, then, when he finally succumbs, with a ten-per-cent. mortgage.

Through this vast country, where such conditions and abuses prevail, the fatuous tourist of Imperial ideas is whirled in the luxury of a trans-continental express, admiring, extolling, and, later, departing to tell true traveller's tales of Brobdingnag.

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Mother and Daughter.

It is the danger of expressing in terms of family affection the relations between peoples that the analogy is generally false; mutual tender sentiments are suggested that have no counterpart in fact, the true facts are thus obscured and a dangerous illusion is created.

England as the dear old mother surrounded by adoring daughter Dominions evokes a charming picture, and one dear to the heart of the armchair Imperialist for whom the Imperial Conference has no significance. But it does not necessarily bear much resemblance to the facts, past and present. John Bull as a sort of Dr Barnardo, taking under his protective roof the poor young orphan nations, is a pretty conceit, but one wide of the truth.

The whole history of the North American settlements is a monotonous record of successive bloody raids and petty wars waged by European Powers greedy for new territory and new markets. We came by Canada, as we came by most of our overseas possessions: by right of con-

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quest. When the Seven Years' War rang down the curtain on the activities of the old East India Company and ejected France from India, Canada and its dependencies passed to Great Britain. The old merchant princes and companies of adventurers of Quebec and beyond, who had built up the country, were thrown out and their trade passed from France to England and Scotland.

When the American Colonies revolted, and the War of Independence set a seal upon the folly of Lord North, Canada stood loyal: she elected in her wisdom for allegiance to a Power separated from her by three thousand miles of blue water rather than for union with her immediate neighbour, the New Republic, which had substantial benefits to offer.

That was America's fault: she had invaded Canada and suffered defeat at Quebec after taking Montreal. The reward of the loyal daughter was peculiar. Great Britain handed over to the victorious Americans that former British territory now Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana.

Thirty-six years later the thinly-populated Colony withstood a second

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American invasion and repelled it at the battles of Frenchtown, Stoney Creek, Chateauguay, carried the war on to American territory by storming Fort Niagara and burning Buffalo, and suffered ultimate defeat at Plattsburg.¹

Peace between the two halves of the North American Continent was once more broken by the raids of the Fenians out of the United States, and Canada girded up her young loins once more to fight for herself and defeated the invaders at Ridgeway. It was well for her that she was able to look after herself, for Mother England by now had come to look upon this particular daughter as the bad girl of the family, to be disowned or handed over to the first wooer.

Gladstone contemplated annexation with Stoic calm. And Lord Tennyson, not yet in the Locksley-Hall-thirty-years-after mood, penned in his sweet English garden those ingratiating lines :

So loyal is too costly ! friends, your love
Is but a burden, break the bond and go.

And it was Gladstone's first Secretary of State, Granville, who quite blandly

¹ Ended by Treaty of Ghent.

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expressed the hope that the colonies "would propose to be independent or annex themselves", a sentiment shared by Lord Sherbrooke who, counselling Dufferin as he left for Canada, said: "Make it your business to get rid of the Dominion."

It is sufficient to explode the Mother and Daughter myth, the John Bull-Barnardo legend which has flourished so long and so unaccountably. But Canada, unlike Ireland, has never borne a grudge, perhaps because if your Irishman never forgets his history, your Canadian seldom troubles to remember his.

"Canada," said Sir Richard Cartwright, "owes Great Britain nothing but a lot of Christian forbearance."

By remaining loyal, Canada forfeited fiscal, economical, financial and industrial benefits that would have carried her forward as an integral part of a single, undivided Commonwealth of North American Peoples, united by ties of blood, language and mutual interest.

What is the tie with Mother England to-day? Canada is no longer governed by half-educated amateurs, some of her

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leaders have sucked in the milk of philosophy at Harvard and elsewhere beyond the Boundary. The ties, they perceive, have become attenuated. Daughter Canada, disillusioned by the War, has taken to making long noses at her venerable parent. Who would blame her? She is not the only Dominion that looks with nervous apprehension on the danger of being dragged into further European quarrels. "I, for one," said General Smuts, "foresee the gravest difficulties if the Government of Great Britain, with her interests in European questions, takes more and more liabilities in regard to the state of affairs in Europe. There is the gravest danger that an occasion may arise when the Dominions say: 'We cannot follow you at all'."

Canada possesses full powers of self-government, benevolently bestowed upon her by Great Britain, and she has wisely annexed the right to make independent treaties, to abstain from those made by the Imperial Parliament, to appoint her own ambassadors, and to make foreign trade pacts.¹ She is an

¹ To the chagrin of an impotent British Government and to a chorus of Press criticism,

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independent nation in everything but name.

When the " gloomy prophet ", Goldwin Smith, told Canada that in resisting union with the United States she was vainly fighting her destiny, he was derided as a heretic with a new and execrable heresy. But the fact is, the idea is as old as it is vital. It goes back to the days of the old Crown Colony, British Columbia, when the discovery of gold on the Fraser River brought thirty thousand Americans over the border, many of them to settle and found families that still flourish in those parts.

" Great Britain was far away," writes Judge Howay,¹ " and Canada even more inaccessible. The United States was omnipresent, Washington Territory and Oregon were close at hand and California was only a few days' sail."

The country was isolated, it was also

Mr Mackenzie King registered the famous Halibut Treaty with the League of Nations for Canada in her independent capacity, and not as a member of the Commonwealth of British Nations.

¹ Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, May, 1927.

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ignored by Great Britain, financially embarrassed, heavily taxed, and already so Americanized that the currency and postage stamps of the United States were in general use, while Canadian currency was at a discount.

A canard, uncorrected for many months, to the effect that Great Britain was about to cede the unwanted Colony to the United States in Settlement of the Alabama claims, brought the issue into the open. The false news was hailed with public demonstrations of joy, and counter demonstrations of angry dissent and resentment.

"The only distinction between Canada and the United States of America is this," wrote Pemberton, "Canada is an English colony which has obtained its independence by peaceful means, and the States an English colony which has obtained its independence by war forced upon it by tyranny and injustice."

It is a fair statement of the case. It was, we believe, the same writer who said: "Without railways British Columbia might as well, for all practical purposes, be confederated with the pyramids of Egypt." The completion of that railway

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was made a condition of the colony's entrance into the Dominion. It deflected the natural outlets of the country economically and geographically united with the contiguous American Pacific Seaboard States. To-day, this Province is sentimentally British; economically American.

This question of annexation or absorption always crops up when times are bad; indeed, it may be regarded as the inevitable symptom of slump conditions, a hard fact which carries with it the corollary that in absorption lies the remedy for Canada's economic and political ills. Booms pass, slumps follow; and the voice of the Annexationist is heard in the land.

There have been times when even the sturdy old Tory merchants of Montreal openly clamoured for annexation as the only means of salvation from the impending ruin that faced them. They lived, it is true, to explain that lapse away. But it remains, a sign and a portent for all time.

It is interesting to observe that the mass of secessionist opinion is industrial and commercial; while against it is

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ranged the academic loyalty of doctrinaire schoolmen, Goldwin Smith being the sole exception. Not long ago, during a period of depression, the National Association of Engineers of Canada passed a resolution asking the Dominion Government to open negotiations with the United States in these words: "In our opinion, there is no other solution of our manifold problems, and as eventually Canada will be, by her own request, annexed to the United States, we ask, why not now?"

It is improbable that the United States will ever annex Canada, but in the past there was, and there is yet, evidence that covetous eyes are turned on this vast potential granary from south of the Boundary. In 1866 the Banks Bill was brought into the House of Representatives to authorize the annexation of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East and Canada West. It did not pass, but Great Britain, alarmed by this proceeding, very soon after united her North American colonies in one Dominion.

After confederation Senator Sherman suggested buying Canada, then under the great MacDonald, to be met with a

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roar like to the bull of Bashan from that tough old Scot. Three years ago, Mr Frederick Hudd, Canadian Trade Commissioner, speaking at the Pan-American Congress, told three hundred delegates that Canada's immediate destiny lies in the North American Continent in active co-operation with her neighbours. It was a tactful manner of advocating annexation that was by no means approved in the Dominion. As for the proposition recently put forward by Mr A. J. Bean, financial editor of the *Boston Post*, that Canada should be merged in consideration of War Debts cancellation, the Canadian Press hailed him derisively as a greater than Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, or John Dooley.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, a man little given to hyperbole, put Canada's case in these words : " The great problem of the future is government of American by Americans. In the working out of this problem I believe we must obliterate the imaginary line between the United States of Canada and the United States of America. I can see no reason for the division. I believe that the flag bearing the stars and stripes must finally spread

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from Behring Sea to the Gulf of Mexico."

Thus, it appears that Canada to-day resists the inevitable, while the peaceful penetration proceeds so swiftly that one may ask, perhaps, whether the question is not so much one of the possibility or the probability, as of the accomplished fact.

Canada is vulnerable on three sides. Her Pacific Seaboard is without protection against the East; on the South are the potential battle fields into which America could throw her millions against Canada's thousands; while on the Atlantic her waterway, the great St. Lawrence, could be sealed by a naval aggressor without opposition.

To indicate Canada's vulnerability is not to suggest the likelihood of the delivery of a blow. But the North American Continent has seen many wars, and one or two in which the United States and Canada have stood opposed to one another. What help could Great Britain give the Dominion, if over-populated and highly-industrialized Japan, drunk with an Imperial dream, launched her great

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navy against the Pacific coast?¹ The answer is: none. Where, in such an event, could Canada seek military and naval salvation? Obviously, from the United States Pacific Fleet. If it is stalemate to-day, Canada has to thank, not Imperial treaties, but the naval strength of her American neighbour.

Here, then, is the prime external factor that will, sooner or later, play a decisive part in the moulding of Canada's destiny.

Within the British Empire, loose and amorphous as it is, Canada is always liable to become embroiled in European quarrels, despite the optional neutrality clause of the Imperial Conference. As part of the United States, the last embarrassing threads of the old tangle would be severed. The law of self-preservation is paramount, transcending such loose bonds as those which to-day

¹ *The Salients.* Europe is highly industrialized, her countries within striking distance of one another; dependent on overseas markets for her existence, on overseas sources of food. The Pacific is vast, but Japan is over-populated, highly industrialized, an importer of food. China, with 6,000 souls to the square mile, unstable, unorganized. America self-supporting, powerful, rich.

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lightly bind the changing British Commonwealth of Nations.

By absorption Canada would lose her Imperial Preference and gain the vast markets of the United States and participation in the steadily increasing South American trade. Taxation would decrease, railway development between the two united halves of the Continent would facilitate movements of population and produce. The present sea-route via Montreal and the St. Lawrence, closed for months in the year, would be replaced by the shorter and more logical Great Lakes—New York route, open the year round. Her Provinces, transformed into self-governing States, would remain autonomous. The present top-heavy system of government, with its hordes of salaried, non-producing drones, would disappear.¹ To-day these numerous law-makers house themselves magnificently amidst

¹ Dominion Cabinet : 21.

Parliamentary Under-Secretaries : 3.

Quebec Cabinet Ministers : 9.

Nova Scotia, Alberta, British Columbia,
8 each.

New Brunswick and Saskatchewan, Prince
Edward Island : 9 each. Total : 98.

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the poverty of those for whom they legislate ; while the Senate is nothing but the sanctuary of the guardian angels of the vested interests, among whom you may look in vain for a single horny hand.

The anachronism of a series of petty, semi-regal courts such as now support the dignity of Governor General and Lieutenant Governors, with the inevitable concomitants of snobbery and shameless extravagant expenditure, would disappear. A democratic country demurs, and with some reason, against the annual charge of £100,000 to maintain the Governor General ; it becomes incensed when to this great annual charge are added such items as £50,000 for a viceregal Summer home, £23,000 for a viceregal Quebec residence. Ornamental these social centres may be : but they are luxuries out of keeping with the real purpose of a country that calls for men in sheepskin coats with big, broad wives.

As one terse member of the Dominion House put it : " What kind of bug gets into the minds of ministers when they set out to spend money on a proposition of this kind ? " It is a difficult question to answer.

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Phantasmagoria.

Let us borrow Mr H. G. Wells' time machine. . . .

Ivanovitch Koshkareff, Professor of History, is busy in his study in the hundred-storey University of Saskatchewan. He is correcting the proofs of his work, *United America: A Retrospect*.¹ We will peep over the shoulder of the bearded scholar as he works.

"It was a common prophecy," he has written, "towards the middle of the twentieth century, that the British Empire partnership of free and equal States would dissolve. There were many indications of impending changes; the insistence of Canada on the presence of her Envoy Extraordinary at the Allied Conference; her threats following the Chanak incident; her anger at the peripatetic cattle and potato embargoes; the extension of her ambassadorial activities in Washington, Paris and Tokio. All these things were but straws indicating the wind's direction.

¹ *United America: A Retrospect*. (Kegan Paul: To-Day and Yesterday Series.)

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" Yet none of these factors played any part in the event itself. Canada remained within the Empire, independent, intensely nationalistic, arrogant, even, until, in a day, as it were, she passed to the United States.

" The granting of an Air Charter to the old railway corporation passed unnoticed at the time (1928). But twenty years of air development revealed the magnitude of that political blunder. For just as in the old days Canada gave her finest lands to this corporation, she now made it a present of the air.

" Why did the Press, that watch-dog of Liberty, do nothing? True, a few protests were made, but what could be done in face of a mammoth corporation controlling land, sea and air transport? A newspaper in those days needed advertisements. Moreover, it became generally known by about 1950 that the Bank of Canada (formerly the Bank of Montreal, but renamed at the time of the giant bank merger) was merely the *alter ego* of the reorganized Transport Combine which had swallowed the moribund National Railways, canal system and hydro-electric power of the Dominion.

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The two directorates interlocked and interests overlapped.

“ ‘ Canada ’, wrote a publicist of the day, ‘ is not part of the Commonwealth of British Nations ; nor is she a Nation ; nor yet a part of the United States. What, then, is she ? The answer is : *the private property of a corporation* ’.

“ It is probable that the country would have been more alive to the Air Question had it not been convulsed by the Revolt of the Farmers and the terrible bloody Pogroms against the Profiteers which disgraced our old civilization. The public hanging, by the self-constituted court of grain growers, of the Prime Minister and Minister of Lands ; the riots that ended with the burning down of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and the sack of the wealthy residential quarter of the city, were but preludes to the long-expected outside event that was to make the political expression of Canada’s Americanization imperative. Battleships, flying the flag of the Rising Sun, appeared off Vancouver.”

The Professor turns the page before him and pauses as he reads . . .

“ If it be true that a corporation has

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no soul, it is also true that it has but one allegiance—to its shareholders. Canada having become the property of a single corporation, and the property of that corporation being jeopardized by a foreign aggressor, there was but one thing to be done. In the interest of the shareholders, it was pointed out, Canada would have to join the United States. It was indisputable.

“ Thus, without the firing of anything more lethal than numberless rockets along the length of the demolished International Boundary, Canada became but a glorious name in the Book of History. From henceforth her Provinces entered the Federation of North American States as self-governing States. There were, of course, Loyalists, those who declined to face the inevitable. They formed the *Camelots de l'Empire* and ran their political newspaper, the *Action Canadienne* for a time. Ridicule killed it. But by the majority, for whom it was recognized that for the poor change of allegiance is but a change of masters, union was not so much welcomed as philosophically accepted.

“ With this bizarre transition of old

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Canada, all the prophets of the time were confounded. For they had foreseen an inevitable clash between the two countries in the conflict of principles governing the international waterways. The Principle of Chicago, for example, postulated complete sovereign rights over water flowing towards an international boundary: the Principle of Lachine asserted the right of control of waters flowing down below international water channels. Suppose the United States, which asserted the right of sovereign power over waters in the American part of the Great Lakes, decided to divert those waters—to improve the navigation of the Mississippi, for instance? It was a possibility that meant the ruin of the St. Lawrence as a navigable river.

“In such nice points Canada foresaw trouble, and, indeed, history teaches us that it is from just such conflicts that wars in the past have been so often engineered by the resolute few and the dining warriors who determine such issues at crucial moments.

“There were other dangers. In 1928, the year of Peace Pacts, America, pestered by Canadian rum-runners, launched into

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the Atlantic a fleet of 'police' boats. Canada looked at these armoured, 10,000 ton gun-boats and observed that they appeared to be strangely similar to modern war ships. They indicated how easily such a fleet could seal the St. Lawrence and paralyze the Dominion's commercial shipping in a day.

"The idea took root. Canada envisaged a closed St. Lawrence and shivered to think of the distant British Fleet, for which no Nova Scotian base had been provided. They turned to thoughts of their International Boundary, four thousand miles in length and unguarded. How could they guard their grain crops? They weighed those 121,000,000 against their own nine millions.

"But that Boundary would never be violated! The wraith of Henry Clay arose to gibber at them.¹

"And then their prophets considered the Pacific. What if Japan struck at

¹ Henry Clay carried the reluctant President Madison, and, in face of great opposition, brought about the Canadian-American War, 1812-1814. Clay argued that Great Britain being at death grips with Bonaparte, Canada could be easily conquered. He made a mistake.

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America, how would British Columbia fare? But the Japanese Fleet, modern and efficient, and supreme in her own strategical area, could not carry a naval war so far from its bases? True. But there were American bases that might be captured. Grant it. But could she invade huge, self-contained and all-powerful America?

"Her prophets played with the technicalities of this problematical war and watched a horn-rimmed American Naval Staff amusing itself with long cruises into the Pacific, as though at the back of their astute minds, was some notion of a war to be fought and won from captured Japanese bases.

"Many dangers those old prophets saw from without: but to what was happening within they appear to have been blind."

The Professor is neat, he makes few corrections. The pages turn, one by one. And, looking over his shoulder, we learn of those events which followed the merging of the old Dominion in the greater Republic.

"The growth of the American language," he has written, "is an unparalleled example of precocious philo-

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logical evolution. Drawing upon English; German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish and Italian, it fused those languages into something unlike any of them, but flexible, vigorous and rich.

"It has been put by eminent authorities that the period of rapid transition was around 1950-2,000. I differ, and my view is supported by a peculiar piece of documentary evidence, unearthed from the Congressional Library, Washington. The change began with the written word, for although in the earlier part of the twentieth century American literature shows few signs of the change, my discovery shows that pure American was written as long ago as 1928. One short quotation must suffice: 'riverrun brings us to Howth Castle and Environs, Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr' over the short sea had passencore rearrived from North Amorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war.'

"Of the writer, I have established the fact that, amazing as it may seem, he was an Irishman, resident in Paris. He appears to have been regarded as an iconoclast, who hammered at the venerable

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structure of the English language until he cracked it. We know, of course, that he was merely a pioneer.

"Classical English ceased to be taught in the schools by the end of the Twentieth century, following the demonstrations against it which culminated in the public burning of the Oxford English Dictionary. The growth of the American tongue resulted in a temporary lingual barrier between the two nations, now happily overcome by the adoption of American as the world-language, the result of the ubiquity of the American movie-tone and televis-tone world services."

The Professor reads on, page by page, his massive Slav features impassive and noble. Peeping over his shoulder we learn how the inability of the British-born Canadian to withstand the rigors of life upon the land resulted in the numerical predominance by the end of the twentieth century of the 'man in the sheepskin coat with the big, broad wife'. He traces the rise of the Agrarian Movement until it became the most powerful political force in the country.

We learn how the mechanization of agriculture, the triumph of applied cereal

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physiology, and the amelioration of the prairie climate, were predominant factors in the conversion of the empty Canaan into an ocean of grain.

He traces the northward movement of the population which followed the decline of early frosts as the land became broken—a phenomenon already familiar in the early days of the old agricultural settlements. He tells how drought was mastered by the establishment of Rain Squadrons that ascend above the suspended moisture and bring about precipitation by means of electrically-charged sand bombardments. He shows the part played by the opening of the Buenos Aires-Hudson's Bay Railway. He describes the revolutionary changes that followed the completion of the national hydro-electric scheme. We learn how the prairie farmers, drawing on that power for their 6,000 horse-power tractors, each one of which ploughs a span 250 feet wide and travelling at twenty miles an hour, covers some nine square miles a day, became the lords of the land.

So, too, the Professor's pages tell the ghostly eavesdropper of the coming of giant wheat, the great Marquise wheat

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whose ears resemble sizable nuts and yield some three hundred bushels to the acre of average land. He describes the great Back-to-the-Land movement, when the urban population left the cities, many of which were in a condition of semi-ruin following the collapse of their monstrous skyscrapers, and flocked to the land. We are given vivid pictures of the decline of old Quebec, of the decay of Montreal, Winnipeg, as the stream poured from overcrowded slums to the fertile prairie.

We learn how in pre-union days the old United States had become dominated by a particularly enervating type of feminine parasitism, notably in the great cities where luxury reached Babylonian proportions and morals decayed with the coming of the worship of barren womanhood.

He tells how the new Americans were seduced for a time by this pernicious cult, became dual slaves of parasite wives and daughters, until the return of sanity and the 'big, broad wife'.

We are told how, following the denudation of the forests of old America and the reckless dissipation of her natural re-

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sources, and the destruction of a mortgage-embarrassed and insolvent agricultural community, and the collapse of the Gold Standard, following the great gold finds of Northern Ontario, the political centre of the Republic shifted from Washington to Regina.

Of all he writes nothing is more absorbing than his account of the evolution of organized religion, which he traces from the earliest days, when the Jesuits who followed Cartier, Roberval and de Champ-lain, carried their missions down as far as the Gulf of Mexico.

"The Indian received this new Gospel," he writes, "but he also examined critically the merits of its Happy Hunting Ground. A God who suffered death rather than inflict it, was to him an enigma. But the doctrine of Hell and eternal damnation that was offered to him along with an All-loving Heavenly Father, had about it the ring of truth. It eventually induced him to accept this God who, if beyond his comprehension, at least understood something of the righteousness of cruelty and revenge. It seems strange to us, looking back, that it never occurred to the Church that the story of the In-

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quisition would have made ten converts, where those of the Gospel resulted in but one thirsty proselyte.

"The Red Man, as we know, ultimately solved the problem he presented by drinking himself out of existence in the comfort of those spacious reservations that had been secured to him by those fine old Jesuit missionaries.

"When the Jesuits had completed their work, the Church of England discovered the old colony. Its parsons found themselves without assured incomes in a squireless land where no man doffed the cap of humility. This essentially English institution, based on the old rigid social system, and buttressed by mismanaged State funds, never flourished on American soil. It found itself with the dual task of uprooting the errors both of flourishing Catholics and impudent Nonconformist denominations. In time it degenerated to a negligible sect, engulfed beneath the flood-tide of denominations that concentrated on cinemas, gymnasia, Get-together-clubs, Purity Leagues, and similar activities.

"All these sects disappeared when they were taken over, after a considerable

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amount of contention as to their respective funds, by the Young Men's Christian Association ; a logical outcome of identity of aims and methods.

"From the disappearance of organized religion, we trace the renaissance of faith, the personal affair of each individual, divorced alike from superstition, financial considerations, social status, dogmas and fixed creeds."

The Professor has nearly completed his task. A pile of corrected proofs lies on his left : the final sheets are before him.

One last quotation :

"The tide of change and progress," he has written, "surging forward from Buenos Aires to Baffin Bay, leaves in its wake one last eddy of the obsolete—the island city of Victoria. Here a pathetic congeries of the descendants of those retired British Naval and Army officers and Civil Servants who made this once-charming city their home in the old days of the Dominion, still abides. They have passed on, from generation to generation, their pride and their prejudice, and, in the mouldering clubs of the somnolent city, whose sole claim to our

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attention is the old Provincial Parliament (now a cinema) they await, garrulous and resentful of the new America about them, a sign from the old Imperial God who, like a painted Jove, keeps 'idle thunder in his lifted hand'."

Our professor leans back with a sigh of contentment, his task is done. His sombre eyes rest upon his favourite picture—a group of the old British Columbian settlers on the deck of one of those strange old triple-deck, stern-wheelers that once churned their way up and down the placid waters of Lake Kootenay.

The little group is apart, the bearded men, neat in their blue blouses, silent and inscrutable: the women, with the patient eyes of cows, sit immobile, work-coarsened hands crossed upon broad, fecund bellies. One suckles a babe.

The Professor rises and crosses thoughtfully to the window. Before him a golden ocean of giant wheat ripples away to the horizon where gold and blue merge along the gentle arc. . . . He is thinking of his people, once the most despised of all workers who laboured to make this land; his people who were

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so long in becoming Americans. Yet, after all, was it not written in the Book? Was it not promised of old: Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth?

How had the mighty corporations tumbled at the last!

Ivanovitch Koshkareff crossed to the door and passed through it. "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased," he quoted, "and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

The Professor is gone: had he not his crops to attend to?

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